Itur Mediteranium.

A TRUE

ACCOMPT

Given of the

PROCEEDINGS

Of the Right Honourable,

Lord Glin,

The Lord chief Justice of England,

and the honourable Barron *Hill*, one of the Barrons for the Exchequer, in their Summer circuit in the Counties of Berks, Oxford Glouceſter, Monmouth, Hereford Worceſter, Salope and Stafford.

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2. Chron. 19. ver. 5. 6.

And he ſet Judges in the Land, thorowout all the fenced Cittyes of Judah, *City by City. And ſaid to the Judges, take heed what you do, for ye Judge not for man, but for the Lord who is with you in the Judgement.*

Printed for the Author *John Lineall* and are to be ſold by *John Felton. in Stafford.* 1658.

BERKS.

FIrſt Barron hill at *Reding* ſate,
Upon the Gaole, I do relate,
The priſoners all they were ſet free,
Not one there dy'd upon the tree,
But three were burned in the hand,
For ſo the Barron did command,

OXFORD.

At *Oxford* Gaole delivery,
The Lord chief Juſtice ſate truly,
He carryed things ſo juſt being wiſe,
That not one dy'd at that Aſſize.
Yet two were burned in the hand,
That Law they could not then withſtand,
Let them take heed the ſecond time,
Leſt up the Gallows they do climb.

GLOUCESTER.

The *Glouceſter Scuffle between the Ordinary and the Jayler: where the Ordinary for ſpeaking ſome extraordinary word before the right honourable Baron Hill, who ſhould have been committed to the Jaylers cuſtody, the 29. of July. 1658.*

That Judge at *Glouceſter* he did ſit,
By vertue of Commiſſion fit,
That Countyes wrongs there for to cure,
On Maletactors, lewd, impure,
Amongſt the priſoners that were there,
One *Ellis* he did then appear,
Who had a peece of Bacon ſtolne,

Carrying it even as his own.
But though a thief in secret steal,
There is a God will it reveal.
For *Ellis* apprehended was,
And to the prison he must passe.
And being come unto the Jayl,
His courage then began to faile.
And after that convicted was,
For to be hang'd wo and alas.
That he should be so void of grace,
At Gallows for to end his Race.
No means there was his life to save,
Or to secure him from the grave.
But Psalm of mercy I am sure,
Out of Gods sacred word most pure.
That Psalm the Judge he would not graunt,
Which did the prisoner then much daunt.
He thought that he should hanged be,
And end his dayes at'th fatall tree,
The sixtieth Psalm the Judge him gave,
Though Psalm of mercy he did crave,
That Psalm he could not read nor scan,
Alas a young ignorant man.
That *Oxford* nor yet *Cambridge* saw,
He standing thers worse then a Daw.
A Daw he can caw and chatter,
But he said nothing to the matter,
He stood before the Bench as dumb,
This is the truth, the all and some.
The Ordinary there in place,

He,

He thought it was no great disgrace.
To save a Fellon from the tree,
Although convict for theevery,
His conscience there he then did strain,
To teach the prisoner in that vain,
Lest he should dye a curſed death,
An halter for to stop his breath.
He thought a man of comely Feature,
Not fit to dye for that base creature,
By *Moses* Law was then unclean,
Though people now to swines flesh lean,
Th'ordinary speak he did not pause,
My Lord I am Judge in this cause,
To certifie that you may know
Whether that *Ellis* read or no.
For those same words he there was check't,
What Justice could him then protect,
Who did as't were the Judge withstand,
That had the power in his hand,
Under his Highnesse truth to scan,
The Judge he being an upright man,
The Ord'nary full seventy years old,
Committed was to th' Gaolers fold,
For those rash words he then did speak,
The Judge said Jayler do him take,
O no my Lord do you not so,
It's more then you ought now to do
For to commit me to the Jayl,
To make my courage so to quaile.
The truth I here must certifie,

The truth my Lord you'l not deny.
He with the Jayler ſcuffled then,
He could not force him in his Pen,
Amongſt that theeviſh crew to ſtand,
Although the Judge did ſo command,
After this brunt, the Judge, in love,
Although he did, the priſoner prove,
Whether he could read or no,
The truth he there deſir'd to know,
Then *Ellis Pſalme*, of mercy had,
Which made him jocund and full glad,
He then did ſtraine his very throat,
To read though he read all by rote,
For it appeared, unto me,
He could not read his A. B. C.
Yet Ord'nary muſt yeeld to it,
To ſave him from deaths ſecond writ,
To heaven, or hell, then for to go,
For to partake of bliſs or wo.
He then was burned in the hand,
That law he could not there withſtand,
Ordained againſt theevery,
To force them from their knavery,
The Judge askt him what that mark ment,
For Bacon (my Lord) I am ſhent,
Which ſhall be warning unto me,
To leave off all, my theeverie,
The Judge and all to laughter fell,
The thiefe was ſav'd though's hand did ſmell,
Let him take heed of ſuch a bout,
Leſt gallows, do him wholy rout,

From

From living mens ſociety,
To be in dead mens company,
And there to lie and rot it'h ground,
Till the Arch Ange's trumpet ſound
Th'Ord'nary, was releaſt that day,
Who for the Baron ſtill doth pray,
And to his tongue he will take heed,
Leſt further ſtrife, it ſhonld him breed.

THE POSTSCRIPT.

A tragicall comedy, it did prove,
Began in ſtrife, yet ended in great love,
The theeſe was ſaued, from the Gallows tree,
The Ord'nary freed from Gaolers crueltie
Who would have rent his cloak there from his back,
And put the Ordinary to the wrack,
For he did bear to him, a former grudge,
Oh how he joyd that he with him ſhould trudge,
The Baron did, his feircenеſſe there aſſwage,
Although he was then, in a pettiſh rage,
Becauſe he could not get him into'es bar,
For lucres ſake, and for the former jar,
He thought to have more then ord'nary fee,
From th'Ord'nary, as many there might ſee,
But he from him releaſed was that day,
And not on farthing, to him he did pay,
For which he doth extall the name of God,
Who freed him from the Jailors ſmarting rod,
The Gaole is worſe then any cut throat Inn
A place provided, for to punniſh ſin,
I may compare it, very ill to Hell,

For

For gingling Irons, and for ſtinking ſmell,
Betwixt a Gaole and hell the difference this,
The one is finite, th'others eternall is,
From Gales and hell (O Lord) deliver me,
And from my ſinfull courſes ſet me free,
So ſhall I praiſe, and laud thy holy Name,
And teach ſtill others for to do the ſame.

Two women executed were,
At *Glouceſter* then it did appear,
By one, her husband loſt his life,
For ſhe him ſtobd, with a pen knife,
For which ſhe (traitor like) was burn'd,
VVho in his life time, at him ſpurn'd,
As one that could not, him endure,
Their downfalls both ſhe did procure,
Be warn'd by her ye wicked wives,
Leſt like her ye, do end your lives.
Th'other woman from *London* came,
A pick-pocket, to her great ſhame,
She at that time her life did end,
It to reprieve ſhe found no friend
Let wanderrers by her take heed,
Leſt they for haſt make too much ſpeed.
There ſix were burned in the hand,
That law they could not then withſtand,
Let them when they look on that mark,
Take heed how they do ſteal, or ſharke.

MOUNMOUTHSHIRE.

If you will hear: I ſhall ye tell,
VVhat at *Mounmouth* aſſiſe befell,
In ever knew the like before,

who

Who am full ten above threescore,
I think the *Welch men* now grow wise
No thief I saw at that Assize,
The Lord chief Justice ready was,
An upright Sentence then to passe,
Upon the prisoners at that Bar,
A Judges look will them all scar.
But no thief I saw did appear.
Before the Judge that coast was clear,
Therefore the *Welch men* I commend,
VVho do their manners now amend,
Except the Jayler of the town,
Of *Monmouth* who with raging frown
Did bring a prisoner to his end,
No doubt he murder did intend.
The Prisoners name one *Jones* it was,
A Gentleman once well to passe,
VVho kept good hospitality,
Releeving poor in charity,
Yet for althat was sent to'th Jayl
For surecishp, without all bayl,
&there he lost the Gaolers favor
through his rude& bad behavior
He cast him in the Dungeon then,
And lockt him up from other men.
Then with a staffe even through the door,
The Gaoler did, at him then pore,
It peirct his eye into the braine,
And by that thrust, he there was slain,
Then *Miles* the Jaoler he was brought,
At that assise for doing naught,

Before the Judge, my heart did bleed,
To think then of that murdrous deed,
The Judge moſt wiſely then did try
That *Monmouth* Jayler narrowly,
How Mr. *Jones* he loſt his breath,
And who was cauſer of his death.
Some witneſſes, did then appeare,
And after that they all ſworne were,
The Iudg ſaid then ſpeake what you know
Of Iones his Death the truth mee ſhow
By them hee gathered at that time,
That Miles was guilty of the crime,
Of ſhedding Maſter Iones his blood,
That truth it could not be withſtood.
The Iury found it Manſlaughter,
Though Judge he thought they did all err.
And wilfull murder it to find,
Before Manſlaughter in that kind.
Yet Juries verdict he then took,
That Jayler after had his Book,
To ſave his life for that vile deed.
Who as a Scholler there did read.
The Judge he gave a ſtrict command.
To burn him ſoundly in the hand,
And bade him call to God for grace
Through Chriſt he would his ſins deface.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

At Hereford Priſoners were many
Yet for murder I ſaw not any
Northen alſo for Manſlaughter,
In that red dy they did not er.

Some were for ſheep others for Kine
Some were for pigs or greater Swine,
One he did ſteal an Iron Bar,
Two Brothers gave to ſheep a ſcar.
For they did ſhear of them their wooll
Or elſe as bad they did it pull.
VVhich put the *ſheep* unto great pain,
*A*thief will looſe his life for game.
The Baron upright in his place,
Did puniſh thoſe were void of grace.
Two Horſe ſtealers they were to dye
VVhether Repriev'd *that* know not I.
Some then were whipped in *that* ſtreet
Corrections houſe ſome there did greet
And eight were burned in the hand
For ſo did Juſtice then commaud.
VVhen *Hereford*'ſſize ended was.
Then to *Worceſter* they did paſſe.

WORCESTER.

The Lord chief Juſtice he did ſit,
For that County aſſign'd to it.
One Holder to the Bar was brought,
A Fellow very lewd and nought.
For he had ſtoln ſome ſheep before,
*A*t ſeverall times above threeſcore.
In Lent Size he was burnt i'th hand,
And being not baniſht then the Land
Hefell again to his old trade.
In ſin he deepere then did wade.
For he and's partner ſtole two Kine,
To wickedneſs they did incline,

They

They drove them to *Kidderminster*,
Some about them, there did cluster,
In there selling they were not nice,
For they sold under Market price.
For which they apprehended were,
At Worcester Size for to appear:
And by the Law they both were cast.
For to be hanged at the last
Yet Judge he did their lives both spare
Hand burning fell unto their share,
And after they were burnt i'th hand,
The Judge banisht them from the land,
Another was for a false brief.
I did not hear he was a thief.
That time it did the Judge so please.
To banish him beyond the Seas.
All three were waft beyond the Main.
Ile never call them back again,
No doubt more theeves they leave behind.
The next assize I shall them find.
Two more were burned in the hand.
His lordship gave such a command.
Not one was executed there.
A Maiden Size it did appear.
From *Worcester July* the tenth day.
To *Salope* they went through that day.

SHROPSHIRE.

At Salope many Prisoners were.
Who at the Bar did then appear.
For theeves do keep their hands in ure.
Although it do their bain procure,

One

One *Bot for* coyning loſt his life,
His braſſe mony was too too rife.
The Country ſtill it was abus'd.
By thoſe baſe tricks he dayly us'd.
Some fourteen years he plaid his pranks
His coyn was baſe as lottry blanks.
That coyner now is dead and gone.
Was he a coyner all alone.
No doubt his Mates are left behind.
Till Gallows tree they ſhall it find.
Three horſe ſtealers they were to dye,
One was repriv'de I tell no lye,
Some ſixe were burned in the hand,
The Baron gave, a ſtrict commaud,
VVhich did amaze them all. with fear,
No more before me, do appear,
For if ye do, ye hang'd ſhall be,
No mercy ye ſhall have from me,
He to them exhortation gave,
That they of God would mercy crave,
That they their lewd lives might amend,
And never after him offend;
Nor any mans goods, once to ſteal,
Se'ing all ſecrets God doth reveale;
In *Shrewſbury* began a fray.
Not in the night but in the day
The Lord chief juſtice in Court ſate.
This for a truth I do relate.
one *Lloyd* and *Phugh* did by him ſtand.
VVho had a tryall for ſome land.

Then

Then Mr *Lloyd* being vext in mind,
There Maſter *Phugh* his love did find,
For he gave him a box o'th ear,
And for that box he paid full dear,
The Judge fin'd him an hundred mark,
For his brave valour, gallant ſpark,
Let him take heed he ſtrikes no more,
Leſt ſtriking makes him very poor,
I wiſh him for to be more civill,
For fighting comes ſtill from the Divel,
Who is the *Author* of alſin,
And ſtill from God ſeeks ſouls to win,
The drunkards they begin to quarrel,
when they have drunk to much of'th barell,
All *Gentlemen* they ſhould be wiſe,
Eſpecially at the Aſſize.
And not to jeſt there with edg'd tooles
Leſt in the end they prove ſtark fools.
The Judge that great fine did Remit,
Only five pounds he paid for it.
that Size did end the fourteenth day,
Of *Auguſt* then they went away.
To Stafford to begin that Size,
Where a falſe Rumour did ariſe,
Which was the cauſe then of great wo,
The'nſuing lines the truth ſhall ſhow.

STAFFORD.

Fear where no fear waa,

Being a true Relation of a ſtrange paſſage that happened in the Shire Hall of Stafford *in the County of* Stafford, *the ſeventeenth day*

of

of August 1658. *the Lord* Glin, *Lord cheife Justice of England sitting there for Gaole delivirie and the right Honorable Baron Hill for Nisi Prisses.*

Listen a while, I will relate,
What at *Staffod*, befell of late,
At that Counties *Summer Assize*,
By a false rumour did arise,
Out of ones mouth on him I frown,
Who said a Beam was tumbling down,
Even that same time, from roofe ott'hall,
Which did amaze both great and small,
The Barron from the bench did go,
The Lawyers followed him also,
Through all the croud, that Judge did pass
Till down the staires he gotten was,
The people pressed on the raile,
By force it broke which made them quaile
Then they fell one upon another,
And some they did there almost smother.
One Lawyer lost part of his Gown,
Another had a broken crown
Some there were bruised in the back
and others legs they went to wrack,
Some lost their hats, some lost their bands,
others were crusht in arms and hands,
Yea some through fear durst not arise,
Being more oppress then by Excise:
Some stood by them quaking through fear,

More

More then Quakers it did appear.
there many panted for more breath.
Expecting then untimely death.
Many were there pluckt from that place.
God knows whether they cal'd for grace
or thought of heaven or elſe of Hell.
Upon the ſtairs they did them quell.
they trod upon them preſſing down.
Gentlemen Yeoman and the Clown.
Even as a ſtorm it came in haſt.
But God be prais'd that ſtorm is paſt,
And though Reports moſt falſ are ſpread.
there is but one of them yet dead.
His Name was *William Pickard*
That fatall fall did him diſcard.
From living mens ſociety,
To be in dead mens company.
Yet many there were bruiſed ſore.
our Neighbors harms we muſt deplore
the Sheriff heard one cry treaſon.
And he without a juſt Reaſon.
the Judge that time he did forſake.
And to his flight did him betake:
For haſt he left his Cloak behind,
His Page him following did it find.
And to his Maſter gave again.
Reward he had then for his pain.
one womans ſmock it did appear.
Her petticotes Rent from her clear
VVhether ſhe loſt them yea or no.
That for a truth I cannot ſhow,

Another ſhe her head cloaths loſt,
Amongſt the crowd as ſhe was toſt
Her hair it fell about her eares:
She like a Fury then appears:
The Lord Chief Juſtice I commend,
Who there was conſtant to the end.
For from that Hall he would not ſtart.
Like *Nehemiah* he plaid his part.
No bale *Sanballat* could him fear,
Or make him flye it did appear,
He kept his place being grave and wiſe,
Though falſ Reports did then ariſe,
He bad the Gaoler look to's Jayl.
Leſt in his truſt he then ſhould fail.
Yet for all that one ran away,
For all his haſt one did him ſtay,
And brought him to the bar again,
Who then a Priſoner did Remain,
Till he was ſentenced to dye,
For ſtealing horſe fleſh certainly,
And yet that Williams is alive,
The Judge in love did him Reprieve.
But gave the Sheriff a command,
To baniſh him out of the Land,
I wiſh all theeves were ſerved ſo,
Then Juries ſhould have leſſe to do,
And true men then enjoy their own.
Which by falſ theeves is dayly ſtoln.
One woman ſhe condemned was,
That kil'd her child alas alas.
that ſhe ſhould be ſo void of grace,
In whoſe lewd heart God had no place,

Her fact ſhe did deny till death.
Yea till the Rope did ſtop her breath.
Four theeves were burned in the hand,
I wiſh no theeves were in *England*,
Then God ſhould more be glorifi'd.
Whoſe truth by theeves is ſtill deny'd.
I have you told the ſum of all,
What then was done in *Stafford* Hall.
If you will walk now in that ſtreet.
A ſecond News it ſhall you greet.
Some ſaid that hall Roof was faln down,
Others cry'd fire was in the Town,
Some ſaid this and others ſpeak that,
And ſome they cry'd they knew not what.
Some ran like to *Orlando* mad,
To quench the fire which made ſome ſad.
But God be prais'd no fire there was,
Though it for currant then did paſſe.
That faire Hall it is firm and ſure,
In good Repair long to indure.
If any ask me the truth Ile tell,
How that diſaſter firſt befell.
Which was the cauſe then of great wo,
As by experience ſome did know.
Some idle boyes were on the Hall.
There walking made the duſt to fall.
Amongſt the Lawyers at the bar,
And that was it firſt bred the ſcar.
then unadviſed words one ſpake,
Which made many the Hall forſake.
If ſome had not then fled away
their harms they had eſcap'd that day,

The Application.

Mans daies as ſwift doe paſſe as doth the tide,
Or as a Swallow which throug'th Aire doth glide.
Or as an Arrow from a ſtrong mans Bowe,
And as a thought which God alone doth know.
As they are ſwift their number is unknown,
To us frail men one day we cannot own.
The number of our dayes God doth conceal.
To Adams Race he will not them Reveal,
Becauſe that they ſhould ſtill prepare to die,
that we with him might live Eternally,
O that all men would learn for to be wiſe,
For in one hour great dangers may ariſe,
To the impairing of life goods and all,
To Gods choyce ones afflictions dayly fall.
Thoſe men in Stafford Hall did not once dream,
That a falſ Rumour of a falling Beam.
Should to their lives and limbs bring ſuch decay,
The like was never heard off till that day,
Let thoſe that ſcap'd then praiſe the Lord of might,
Who ſaw his judgements on their neighbors light,
Yet in great mercy did their lives then ſpare,
Who by deſert ſhould have had with them ſhare.
At Stafford Town the Circuit there did end,
Then both the Judges homeward did intend,
The Lord Chief Juſtice Auguſts eighteenth day
Towards Harding in Flintſhire he rode away.
And Baron Hill from Stafford that day went,
To Taunton Deane he was then fully bent.
God bleſſe them both with uprightneſſe of heart,
To clear the guiltleſs, guilty make to ſmart,
Then where they ſit that coaſt ſhall ſtill be clear,
Not many theeves before them dare appear.

Penned by *John Lineall.* FINIS.